

## Da Yoopers

### "Open Mic Night"

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[Baby Black]

Who got the live rhyme flow, kick like Tae Kwon Do  
Dime wit the bomb show, let the Messiah shine glow  
Off of twenty ? Cubans, twist that shit  
Let the herb hang out of two winds, what the fuck ya'll  
doin?  
You're new when it comes to this rap shit  
The fact is you backwards, fuck your signing power  
and your track, bitch  
I smack kids for less than that (guessin that)  
Ya'll niggas jealous cuz we blessed in rap, stressin that  
Finessin tracks ain't a thing to me and E  
We can take shit back to 1983, when you saw the Baby  
B  
Crazily, ten years later, D.C., '93  
Hotel lobbies walkin by me like five-three  
Tryin to size me, my eyes see, what the wise see  
On some grown shit is what the fuck Ill-Advise be  
He who tries me be comin through on diplomatic  
immunity  
The simple fact of what ya'll couldn't do to me  
Ya'll unity be two or three, my crew and me be two-  
thirty-three  
Whole community's a truancy to do dirt and flee  
What it be nigga, explosive  
Ya'll come like Muslims on Christmas  
Wit no gift, no spliff I still blow shit, what  
'Scuse please, don't mean to step on toes  
Lyrical anti-perspirant keep ya'll wet from flows  
Put the needle to the wax and let the DJ know  
Gotta let it go, never drug TKO

Chorus [Mr. Eon] (Baby Black) 2x

\*Together\* It's open mic night, callin all MC's up  
\*Together\* Roll them trees up, keep them hooker  
knees up

Now Baby Black where you at? (Mr. E where you be?)

\*Together\* Worldwide, Illadel out to NYC

[Mr. Eon]

I never toted no mac, ate a thousand Big Mac's

You wack because you lack essential facts  
Or scriptures, got a thousand words for your picutres  
You think you ripped yours, well I got ripped drawers  
Said I'm shittin from the sky wit your umbrellas up  
Got more spunk than your fuckin dumb fellas, nut  
Your princess is moist, big girls need a hoist  
See I got this ill tape for you and your boys  
Included is Mi and I vocalist  
And my man Alchemist wit the green that I twist  
I shoot from the hip wit no use of the wrist  
I guess that's why when I ball I shoot bricks  
But when I shoot gizz I can't miss the eyelids  
I bring it to the headpiece and that wig  
Not to mention ascensions, the inventions (like what?)  
Baby Black and Mr. wit intentions of other dimensions  
Do you really know E?  
Can you tell that I be the one like Obi?  
Bring all your zombies, I'll re-bury em  
And we will even see the fuckin third millennium  
I be the High one and Mi be the Mighty  
That don't mean that Milo don't get high wit me  
That's the way we get down so fuck this etiquette  
We be shittin on fools, givin em diarettes

Chorus

[Rahsheed]

Behind the mist, peep the relic of rap  
Feelin this vindictive orantor unmatched  
The sound crash, Alkaholik like Tash  
Puff stress like Meth till I run out of cash  
I unflash mad skills to build my own deal  
My estate, fly ball left field  
Triology spill so it permeates funk  
Two dutches of skunk, straitjacket pre-shrunk  
And listen to dialect because I talk drugs and sex  
And then again kick a rhyme for respect, you eject  
Give the open mic night style  
Peace to Jazzy Joe, Paul Yams, and Star Child  
'86 baby

Chorus 2x

[Mr. Eon]

Home Field Advantage throughout the playoffs  
Mr. Eon, get his sway off (And one)  
The Alchemist twistin  
Might Mi strapped in for the mission  
Baby Black

